Music Book

Early Music Collection. A-4

Music book [for flute?]. Names on the inside include, Joseph Cabot, Nathaniel Lee, and Wendall. 52 p.

Early Music Collection A-4

ESSEX INSTITUTE
1821 ☆ 1836 ☆ 1848

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Early Music Collection A-4

Trumpet Minuet Lee

Da Capo

The Lady's breast knot

Gilderoy

Slow

March for the 25th Regiment.

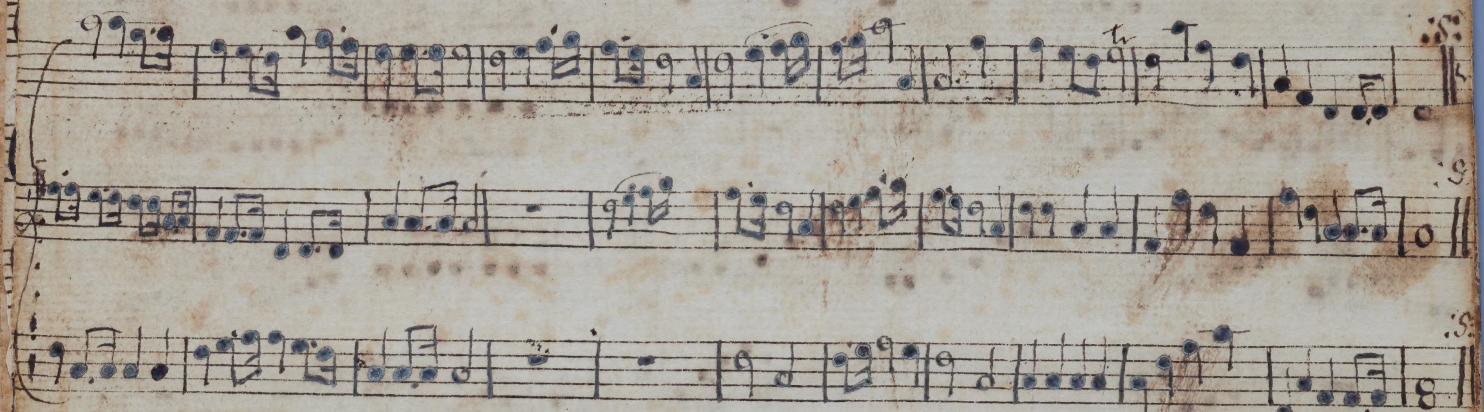
Wrong Wrong Wrong Wrong

Frog & Mouse.

Lord Holderness' Minuet.

Prince Frederick's March.

Continued.



The maid of the Mill.

Marionett Cotillon.

March for the 35th Regiment.

Grenadiers March.

Minuet to prince Frederick's march.

D.S.

Foots. Minuet.

Lovely Nymph.

Grenadiers March.

The words to Lovely Nancy.

1

How can you lovely Nancy, so cruelly slight
A Lover that's wretched, when banished your sight.
Behold dearest Nancy the garden so fair;
So rural the Arbour so pleasant the air. —

2

See the trees are all clad with a bright lovely green,
While Lovers for pleasure a walking are seen;
See the Birds on the trees, with their sweet warbling throats,
All praising their Maker in the sweetest of notes. —

3

See the innocent lambs how they sport it and play
Whilst their Dams on the banks sup the warm burning ray;
See the cowslips and violets on yonder green bank
All pleasantly growing in a regular rank

4

Not a thing there is wanting to make it look neat
But you my fair'd Nancy and then it's complead
What say you my fair one, suppose we take a walk
Down in the green meadows and love shall be our talk.

5

What say you my fair one to you I'll resign
What pleases your fancy likewise will please mine;
For I'm true and sincere as a Lover should be
I hate for to flatter, but I love to be free. —

John Bardlett

Harvard College
Cambridge.
1a. 8. M.

Sept. 21. 1784.

Paddy Whack 91

Marquis of Granby's March. —

Maggie - - - Lauder. —

Grenadiers March.

The words to the Maid of the Mill.

I've lived & I've travelled with fifty fair maids,
And prattled with fifty fair maids,
And changes them as I degrees see,
But call the day lasses that sport on the green,
The maid of the Mill for me.

2nd

There are fifty young women who hop at the Rose fine & tall,
And call me the fairest of all,
But of all the gay lasses that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

3rd

Her eyes are as black as the sloe on the hedge,
And her cheeks are like blossoms in May,
Her teeth are as white as the new shorn sheep,
Her breath like the new made hay.

4th

Her taper'd her waist as the poplar tree,
And her cheeks are as fresh as the rose,
She looks like a Queen of high degree,
When dress'd in her Sunday clothes.

Cambridge Novemb^r 11^th 1784

J Gadd

And are you sure the news is true? &c

How vicar and the Methodists.

Lovely Lass.

Peasably Swain.

Grenadiers March.

The moores.

The last time that I went o'er the Moore,
I left my love behind me;
Ye powers what pains do I endure,
When first I parted from me
As soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes the lovely maid,
In fit retreat for wooing.

2nd
Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing & chatting o'er things,
We kiss'd & promised time away,
Till night spread her dark curtains.
I spied all below the skies,
Even kings, when she was by me,
With rapture I beheld her eyes
Which could but ill deny me—

3rd
Should I be called where cannon roar
Where mortal steel should wound me,
Or cast upon some distant shore,
Where dangers may surround me
In hopes again to see my love
To feast on glowing kisses,
I'd wish my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses—

4th
In all my heart there's room for place,
To let her rival enter,
For she excells in every grace
In her my love shall centre.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Or waves the alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
Before I'll cease to love her.

Cambridge
1764

Jo. Calcott

Grenadiers March.

Lively

Grenadiers March.

The words to how imperfect.

How imperfect I express
Those emotions to impart,
When we mean a soft confession,
And yet to seek to find the heart.
When our bosom all complying
With delicious trembling fell
And beat what broken, faultering, dying.
Language would, but cannot tell.

2nd
Deep confusion stops the terror
Dumb expressive paints my cheeks.
Ah remove betold your error
Blushes eloquently speak.
What tho' silent is my anguish,
Or breathd only to the air,
Mark my eyes that they languish,
Read what you have written there.

3rd
O that you could once conceive me
Once my soul's strong feelings view
Love has none more fond believe me,
Friendship nothing half so true,
From you I am wild despairing,
With you speechless as I look,
Pity all that bear declaring
And perhaps declared too much.

Jo Cabot

Cambridge
1784

The Storm.

Bellamy's March.

Pastoral Adagio. A favourite Song.

King George's Minuet.
Bay Minuet.
How imperfect is expression.
Chain Cotillon
Jacks favourite.

My Dog and my Gun.
Alternate Swifts
Lady Coventry's Minuet

King George's Minuet.

Dixons March.

Sukey Lads Me.

Funeral Thought.

The Nursery Tune in the Elopement.

I'm come unexpectant in comes

Johnny went to the Fair

Sing up old mother Wiffler & hurgen it out with her tary after the wedding was over

Care on'd march to Boston

Boston March.

New Largo Lu

King George 3d Minuet.

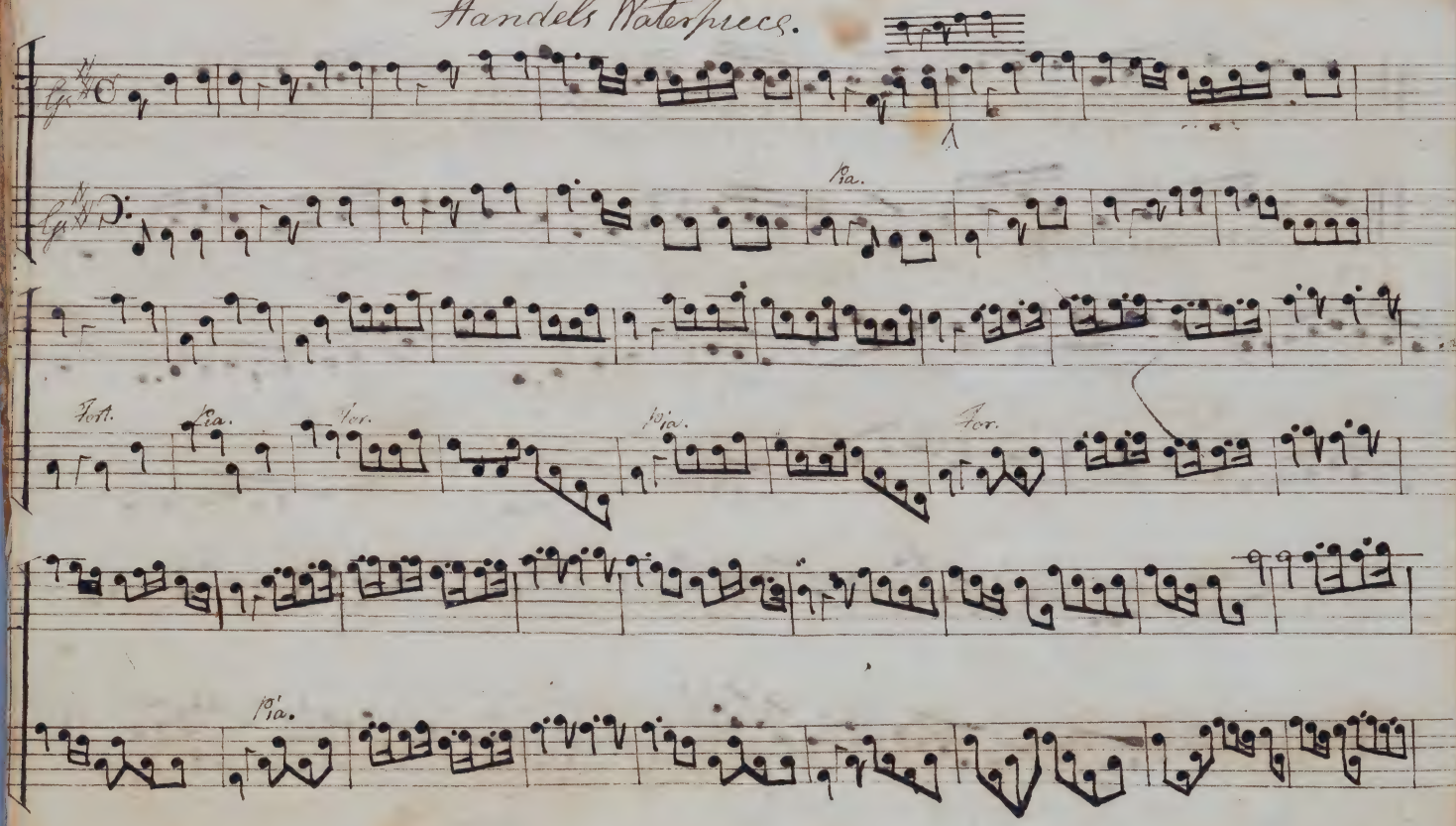
Thro the wood Laddie.

Jockey to the fair. Jockey to the Fair

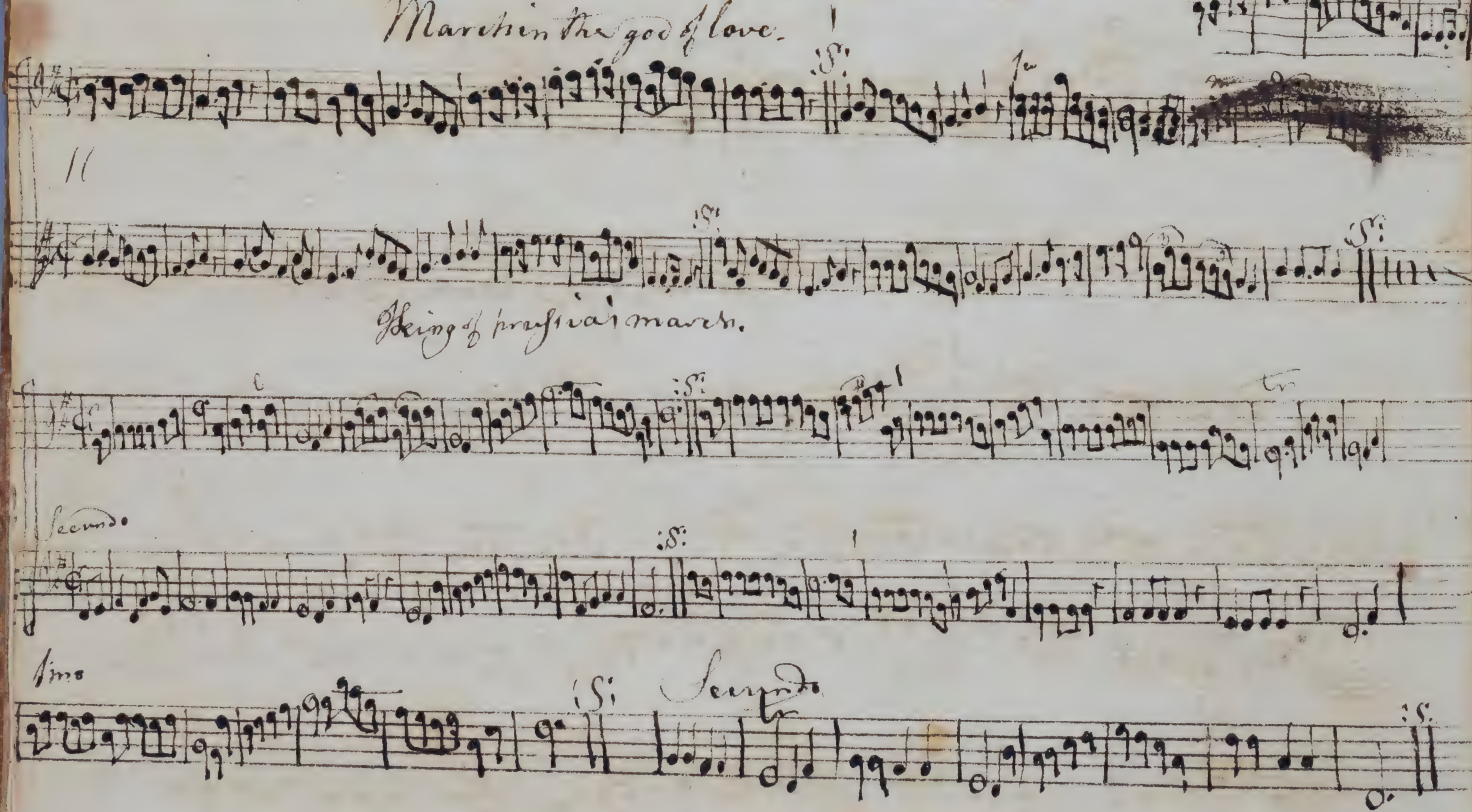
The Bird. The Bird

Kina George's Minuet.

Handels Waterpieces.



March in the god of love.



King George's Minuet.
York Fusiliers.

Dorsetshire March.

How sweet thro' the woodlands.

Minuet

The dusky night.

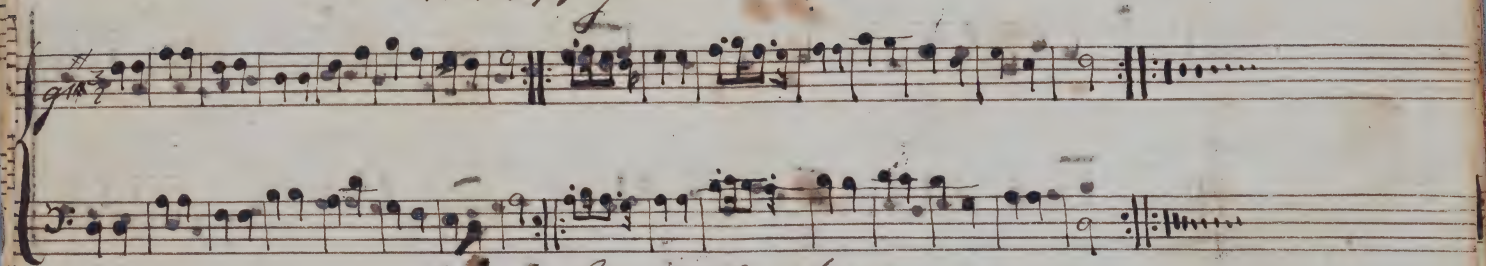
The Maggy Luder.

The sheep had in clusters crept close to the vine.

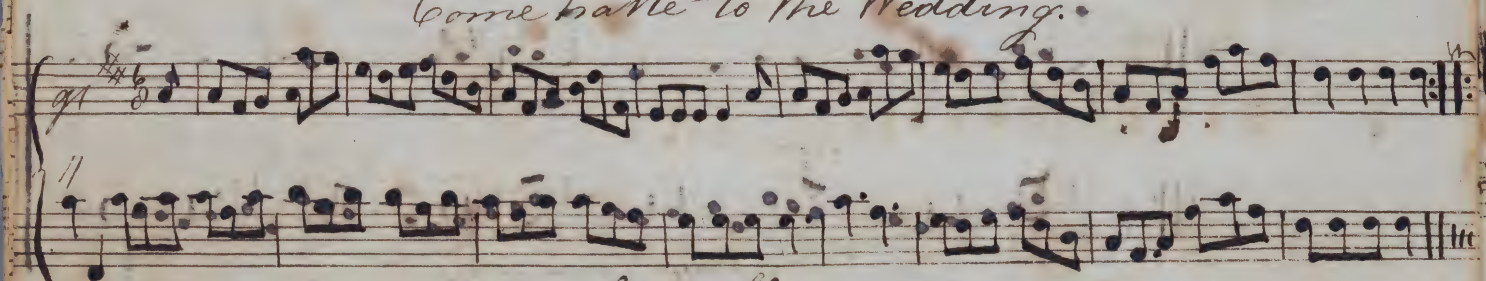
X God save the King.

The British Muse. —

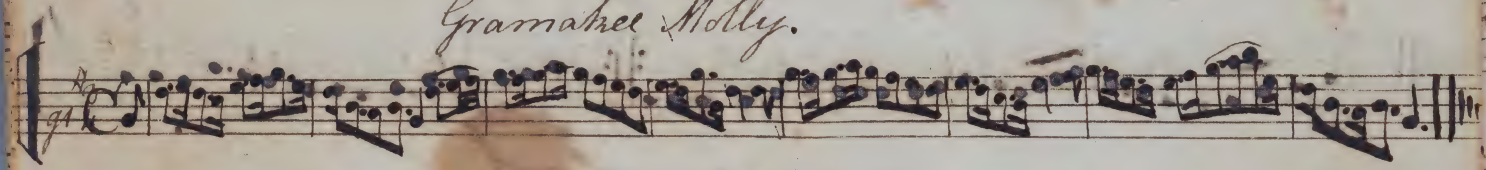
Unhappy Swaine.



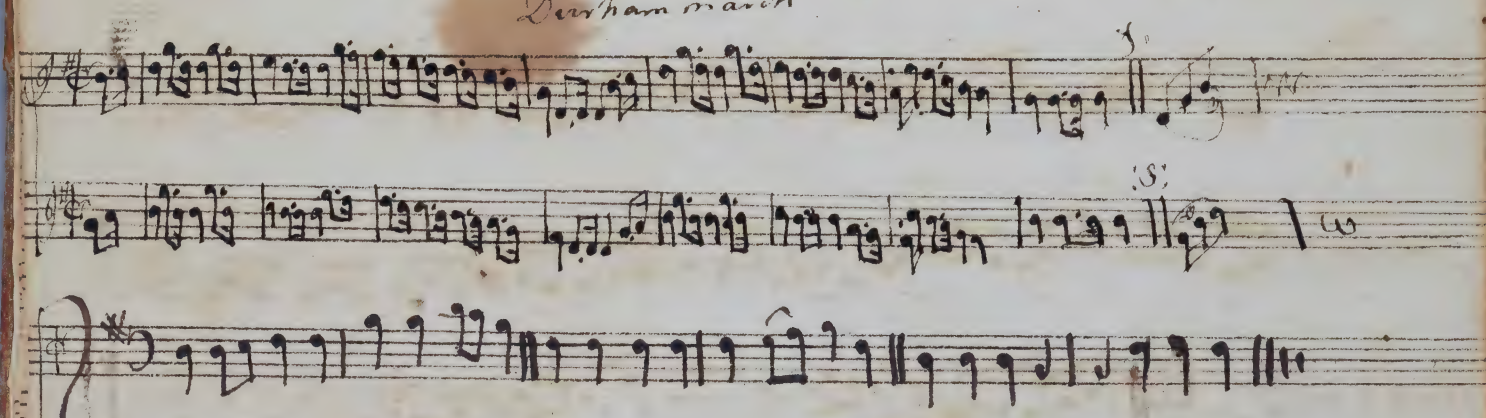
Come haste to the Wedding.



Gramachee Molly.



Durham march



Joseph Cabot of Salem

Salem

Jr. Cabot

Nat. Lee Drummer

The Drum.

D Wendall — 1709

1789

Nat Lee Esqr

Lll.

24.5

"Aurora mihi amica."